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Agricultural.

HOW IT AFFECTS THE FARMERS.

In former years the farmers adjacent to Bay City and the Saginaw found a first-class market for their live stock, but there has been a radical change, and the dressed beef from Chicago has driven them out and they are now seeking another market for their surplus stock. A letter received by Mr. Geo. Beck, of this city, from a party at Mount Morris, on the F. & P. M. R. R., shows just how that section of the State is affected. The writer says:

"Have you got anybody in your employ whom you send to the country to buy cattle, or could you send a good party here as a buyer? Our farmers in this neighborhood used to find a market for their stock in Bay City and Saginaw, but the dressed beef from Chicago has stopped this trade entirely. There are several loads of cattle in this vicinity that can be bought at a reasonable price, and I have a pasture that adjoins the R. R. stock yards on the track. Send out some good straight man if you can, so buy this stock. The run is short and the freight about \$12 per car."

We are sorry to say that this state of affairs is not confined to the Saginaw Valley alone, but is becoming quite general throughout the State. At a meeting of live stock men held in Jackson a few weeks ago, the same complaint was made by some of the parties present. This is a matter that seriously concerns every farmer in our State, and they should be taking measures to protect themselves from this unjust competition. We say that it is unjust, for while our State is quarantined against Texas cattle, the larger part of the dressed beef sent into our State comes from there. At the present time cattle are selling at a very low price in Chicago, so low in fact that no farmer in Michigan could raise cattle to compete with them. Now, if these cattle are diseased when alive, can their meat when dead be healthy food? That they will transmit disease, when alive, that is fatal to our cattle, we have had ample proof during the last five or six years; and their meat affects the consumers has never been investigated.

The Orange Hedge for Hedges.

In the report of the U. S. Department of Agriculture for 1887, we find the following interesting correspondence in reference to the orange hedge, which is commended to the thoughtful consideration of those of our farmers who are contemplating growing hedges:

I write to ask if you can tell me of a way to destroy the orange hedge fence. This is becoming unpopular among the best farmers on account of the cost of trimming, making it hog-proof, and its taking the substance of the ground for such a wide space each side of it. Cutting it, letting it dry, and then burning will not do, as it will sprout again from the old roots.

M. B. C.
To which Wm. Saunders, Superintendent of Gardens and Grounds, Horticulturist, etc., replies:

The best method of destroying the hedge is to cut the tops of the plants so that the remaining stock and roots can be grubbed out, and the more effectually these are removed the less trouble will result from suckers; but when these do appear they should be hoed out as other weeds are destroyed. Plowing the ground deeply for several feet on each side of the original hedge line will break and bring to the surface some of the roots, every fragment of which should be removed. It will not be practicable to get rid of every piece of root at once, but if timely attention is given to the removal of such growths as may appear, the whole will eventually be eradicated.

M. PECKHAM & SON, of Albion, Calhoun Co., announce that they will have a sale of Shorthorns on October 18th, at which time they will offer some 21 head of the Roan Duches, Victoria and Flora families. This herd has been bred for dairy purposes, and with few exceptions the cattle were bred by the owners.

WORKING CORN.

There seems to be very much unsettled opinion upon the policy of working corn in the latter period of its growth. Sometimes a farmer will think he has "caught on" to the whole secret, and will follow the supposed teachings of his own experiment, until he at last finds himself the victim for working after a pattern. Writers in agricultural journals frequently enunciate a doctrine as a rule of conduct in corn cultivation, and then the next month perhaps, or the next year at the farthest trust to the short memories of the readers, to sustain his reputation and to retain his confidence.

Even while appreciating to the full extent the truth of the above, I still have the "check," or, to put it more mildly, the temerity to give further expression to the faith that is in me, regarding this dubious topic. With us there begins to appear indications of the annual dry spell. Corn fields are in various degrees of forwardness. Those that were planted over on account of worms or poor seed have not yet begun to tassel, while the more favored fields are tassel out. No rain has fallen since the 25th of June to more than freshen up the surface of the ground. At that date over an inch of rain fell, and previous rains had served to keep the soil well saturated. Now as usual however, every farmer has a different experience to relate about the effect of his cultivation since harvest, and up to date—July 25th—I have taken some pains to look into the fields, and to make inquiries into practices of working as well as into the condition of the crop. I find one field that has been worked only with a fine tooth cultivator, twice over each way, once in a row, with corn in good condition and fresh and tassel out. Another field on an adjoining farm that had been well worked before harvest, and a thorough plowing each way, twice in a row with a two shovel plow, since that, looks sick, and all growth checked. Another field had four acres cultivated before the heavy rains spoken of in June, and the remaining part of the field finished after the rain. Both parts are fresh, but the portion cultivated since the rain has a denser look in the row, and an unmistakable darker color to the leaf, with a promise of continued vigor, while the crusted surface part of the field looks as though it had seen its best days and might falter out its allotted time, and give a small crop. The owner of this field is strong in the belief that when corn is well cultivated following a rain, there is positive harm in stirring the ground again until other rains come to crust the surface, when it should be again cultivated, even though it had been just finished. He argues that stirring wet soil the second time has a tendency to dry it out more quickly, and that an open, porous condition is all that is desired; and when this is once secured, "let well enough alone;" he will not disturb his corn again. This conclusion is warranted by the facts and conditions up to the present, but there may be exigencies to follow that may change the status of things. Suppose no rain falls for thirty days more, would not a deeper cultivation now promote and favor a more nance of moisture sufficient to tide the crop over to perfection? I finished a 20-acre field with the two shovel plow in the row one way last week, and have now crossed lightly with a fine tooth cultivator, once in the row, spreading so as to cover nearly the breadth between the rows. My corn is still fresh and silking out. It is far to say that the corn did show the effects of the deep plowing last week, in a wilted appearance following the plow, but I believe it has fully recovered, and its appearance this morning was very satisfactory indeed. And the field, with not a weed in sight, and with at least four inches of mellow soil between the rows, is, I think, in a condition to withstand an extremely dry spell quite as well as any of the fields spoken of. I account for the former appearance of the field so severely plowed both ways, in the fact that it is mostly second planting, on account of poor seed planted too early, and that in consequence the growth is small and needed all the support that the earth could furnish. Cutting off so many of the roots was too much of a shock for the plant to withstand, as its drooping and rolled up leaves showed. Whether it will recover its loss is a question for the future, which I shall not attempt to forecast. It was a kind of heroic treatment that I should not have dared to continue after noting its effects. It may be said that my treatment was quite similar, which is true, but only in degree. The leveling down with the cultivator, I think, adds greatly to the efficiency of the soil to continue growth, should it continue dry for any length of time. The two shovel plow left the surface very rough and exposed a part of the furrow nearly to the depth of the plowing. This would prevent fibers from the roots crossing this trench, unless they descended to a lower depth than is natural for corn to go. I believe in a uniform level surface, but I want something more than surface mellowness when a dry spell is feared.

I don't think any cast-iron rule for cultivation can be formulated, which shall be applicable to all seasons, nor comparatively applicable. The nearest to it is the suggestion that all cultivation should cease when the corn is tasseling out. But it is safe to say that corn in the early stages of growth needs cultivating after every rain, and while the ground is still moist. This seems to

favor a continuance of the moisture in the soil. Even the effects of plowing the ground for the crop is seen between wet and dry plowing. The former retains its fertility, growing condition longer than the latter, and will continue its effective influence through to maturity. I believe the damage to the corn crop from present or prospective drought is not imminent, for the ground is still moist below the immediate surface, and sufficiently so to carry the crop forward to a fair harvesting.

A. C. G.

EXPERIMENT WITH WHEAT.

The Clawson Vindicates Itself.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In the last issue of the FARMER your valued correspondent A. C. G. uses the following language: "Clawson is fast losing its popularity, and is being supplanted by Velvet Chaff and Australian White." Now as he has assumed to speak for his particular locality it may not be amiss for me to rise and speak for mine. Up to the present season I have raised nothing but Clawson for some seven or eight years, since I first obtained the seed. Two or three times I had been almost tempted to try Falt or some other variety, on account of stories of large yields, but in each case just before I was ready to make the test, my information received from threshers convinced me that these glowing stories were exceptional cases, and when the light crops were reported, and the average struck, I invariably found a balance in favor of the Clawson. Last season however was an exceptionally bad one for wheat with us, and I was so dissatisfied with results that I concluded to make a test of some other varieties. Consulting the columns of the FARMER I noticed some reports of great yields of Velvet Chaff and Champion Amber, and determined to make my test on these varieties. I accordingly procured from Prof. Johnson, of the College farm, ten bushels of Champion Amber, and from a party in Lenawee County four bushels of Velvet Chaff. The exact date of sowing I neglected to record, but it was not far from September 13th. The ground was "pine lands" and was a dry hard gravel—in fact you might say nearly all pulverized stone, with very little vegetable decomposition. Such a soil with us does not "winter kill" by heaving out, but it did this time winter kill badly, by being twice almost wholly enveloped in ice during our February thaws. In fact the entire field might almost have been used as a skating park, and the great wonder is that the crop was not an entire failure. But the ground had been well summer fallowed and moderately manured, and my abiding faith in the summer fallow was at no time entirely shaken. Usually this ground produces medium size crops, with short, stiff, bright straw and plump berry; and now for results: With the ten bushels of Champion Amber I sowed 873 rods of ground, (almost 5½ acres) which produced 118 bushels, machine measure—say 21½ bushels per acre. The four bushels Velvet Chaff was sown on 340 rods of ground, being 2½ acres, producing just 40 bushels, being 18 bushels and 50 lbs per acre. The remainder of the field, 1,055 rods of ground, being six acres and 125 rods, was sown to Clawson. The seed taken from my own granary was not noted, but sown same as the others, as near as practicable. Product, 174 bushels, being 25 bushels and 40 lbs per acre. Result: Clawson over Champion Amber four bushels and 10 lbs per acre; Clawson over Velvet Chaff, six bushels per acre. But the strongest point in favor of the Clawson remains to be told. Two-thirds of the field had been cleared of stumps, and being determined to give the new seed the best possible chance I placed it on the cleared ground, leaving the Clawson to take its chances among the stumps. The best estimates show that an acre of ground was devoted to stumps. Had the Clawson been given the clear ground thirty bushels to the acre would be but a fair estimate; and had the other varieties been given the stump land I will leave to the reader to compute what the yield would have been.

In defense of the whole field it is but justice to state that this has been one of our poorest wheat seasons. On all the plats at least one-fifth of the wheat was totally destroyed by the ice of last winter, and all suffered materially from extreme drought, though the Clawson and Velvet Chaff withstood the action of drought much better than the Champion Amber.

I am sorry to see our brother A. C. G. getting so weak-kneed on the subject of Clawson flour. Since the early attempt of the Board of Trade to crush the Clawson, and its triumphant vindication by Professor Kodale, I was not aware that the character of the Clawson had been publicly assailed. But with the experience of the past before them I think it would be folly for the farmers to reject the Clawson wheat at the behest of a few Grand Rapids millers. Two years ago buyers paid two or three cents more for red wheat than white. Last year about four-fifths of the wheat around here had become red, and the scale turned, and white wheat was given the preference. Whether this is caprice or speculation each one must judge for himself; but the sensible farmer when he gets a good variety should stick by it, and not try to change with the caprices of the market. Clawson wheat is good enough bread timber for the

million, and among them until further advice you may classify

OLD GENESSEE.

P. S.—We are now raking the stubble on the above field and expect to get from it as much as the seed we sowed, which as shown above is a little less than two bushels per acre.

THE CHINCH BUG.

(Bissus leucopterus.)

[From the Report of Prof. C. V. Riley, U. S. Entomologist.]

Great and wide-spread have been the depredations of this repulsive pest, which next to the Rocky Mountain Locust is our most injurious species of insect enemy. From its depredations alone throughout the drought-stricken region of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, during the present season, many millions of dollars' worth of grain have been destroyed, and in several localities actual privation is liable to follow.

The annexed crop reports, culled from various daily and weekly newspapers published throughout this region, will give a slight intimation as to the true state of the subject under consideration. Still, each region always draws its own afflictions as mildly as possible, while in speaking of those of a neighboring district they are liable to be somewhat overdrawn or exaggerated.

About the beginning of the second week in July rumors of chinch bug depredations at isolated localities throughout the drought-stricken area were first circulating through the press. A week later these rumors had become substantiated, and it was definitely known that their distribution and depredations were more wide-spread and general than was at first supposed; not only in this State, but also in Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, portions of Illinois, Minnesota, and southern Dakota. But not until harvest arrived was the full extent of their depredations known.

Causes of Increase.—When the matter is carefully studied and the causes of the undue increase of this insect are taken into consideration the wonder is that the injury was not greater than it actually has been. The long-continued drought of last year, with large areas of chinch bug depredations, followed by a generally close and warm severe winter, after which came a warm dry spring and hot scorching summer; all these favored in the greatest degree the complete development of the bug in all its stages. But comparatively few of its natural enemies were present; and most of these, too, being species that prefer preying upon other insects to feeding on the unsavory rebel under consideration when they can be found. These predatory species had a plentiful host in the various species of Aphides, leaf beetles, and such like other depredators that were also present in great numbers.

One of the common and perhaps by far the chiefest of reasons for the large numbers of the pest that are always ready to take place whenever the advantage offers is the carelessness of farmers in general to "clean up" during late fall and early spring. Especially is this true in portions of Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas. The bugs winter among rubbish of all kinds, in meadows, along fences, in brush heaps, among fallen leaves, and among the debris collected by hedges, weed patches, and along the outskirts of groves among the underbrush. But there is no use of my going over these points that have been mentioned again and again by all writers upon the subject.

After the bugs have become a pest, the only effectual remedy is wet, cool weather. For some reason or other their constitution is not suited to a superfluity of moisture, nor can they adapt themselves to it. Humidity has the effect of bringing on disease and final dissolution with them, just as it does with various migratory locusts, the only difference being in favor of the locusts. A good, soaking rain, or at most two or three of such, following in the course of several days, generally ends effectually the most threatening chinch bug devastation, while on the other hand a year or even two years of such weather are sometimes required to entirely obliterate a locust plague.

The question, then, naturally comes up, can this insect not be materially kept in check by some other and natural means? My answer to this question is yes; to a certain degree, this is quite possible, and not nearly so difficult a task as one might suppose. A good cleaning up and burning of rubbish of all kinds in late fall, winter, or early spring, will answer the purpose, if the work be general, by reducing the number of hibernating insects. Oats and other early spring crops, and the most attractive retreats, and at the same time the most formidable retreats to master. For my part, I am in favor of removing these and replacing them with some other kind not so difficult to keep free from the collecting debris carried by winds. Undersown cultivated prairie lands adjoining fields should also be burned early in spring. The breaking down and burning of corn-stalks in spring following a chinch bug year will also destroy myriads of the insects that have hibernated between the leaves and stalks. At other times, however the stalks had better be utilized as manure by plowing under. If covered deeply, they will be a remedy far as effectual as if burned. Protect the birds, and above all the quails, for they destroy countless numbers of hibernating insects of various kinds that are to be picked

up about hedges and such like resorts frequented by these birds throughout the year. Although belonging to the granivorous birds, the quail is essentially insectivorous except during inclement weather, when insects are not easily obtained. In my profession as taxidermist I have dissected many different species of birds, in the crops of which were contained many injurious insects of various kinds, the chinch bug among the others. In no other instance do I remember of the presence of this insect in the crop of a bird in so great numbers as in that of the quail. As a rule, but few birds, mammals, reptiles, or rapacious insects seem to relish any of the odiferous members of the order Hemiptera or true bugs. In winter, however, this repugnance is partially overcome, and now and then even a chinch bug seems a delicate morsel when "meat" is scarce.

Very few insects are known to prey upon the chinch bug; while I, myself, have never observed any of the species which have been credited with the good work—thus attacking the enemy. True, I have frequently seen different species of Lady-bugs (*Coccinella*, *Hippodamia*, etc.) and the Lace-wing fly upon the same corn-stalk with the chinch bugs. Upon close examination it was also ascertained that the plant was more or less infested with some aphid or plant-louse, which had attracted these, their natural enemies, before the other bugs arrived. It must not be inferred from what I say here that I discredit the writings of such authorities as Thomas, LeBaron, and others. Such is far from my intention.

Various remedies, as plowing, rolling, ditching, fencing, and the use of insecticides have been suggested and used with more or less favorable results, both in this and other States; deep plowing immediately after harvest having succeeded in a few instances by covering the bugs so deeply that they could not creep out. Rolling at a like season has crushed large numbers, while ditching and fencing have succeeded in "bunching" them, and for a time checking their onward movement while migrating from small-grain fields to corn-fields. At such times the dragging forward and backward of a heavy weight of some sort has been the means of causing great slaughter among their continually increasing ranks. Ditches into which water could be turned or into which they were driven, have been formed complete barriers to their creeping migrations, but not to the after movements of the winged insects as they were about to mate for the second brood.

This insect, like all other depredators, has its likes and dislikes, and chooses its food-plants with considerable daintiness of taste.

The small grains are the first on the list, after which follow some of the grasses and corn. Among the grasses Millet, Hungarian and Fox-tail stand at the head, while a few others that usually grow as weeds follow closely. Wild wheat is also quite a delicacy with them, and I have noticed several examples where weeds were less injured than clean ones, notwithstanding the fact that the one contained equally as many bugs as the other. Several farmers in this country have also mentioned the same fact to me. As a rule, grain in a grassy field has the disadvantage alongside of that growing in a clean one. During the past summer I saw several examples in which the scale was turned. One of these in particular attracted my attention at the time. The crop was corn, growing just across a road from a field of wheat which had been so badly damaged as to render its harvest useless. The ground was covered with wild Hungarian or Fox-tail grass, which at the time, August 6, was dead and perfectly dry to a considerable distance from the road. Upon examination it was found that our old acquaintance was at work here, attacking the Fox-tail in preference to the corn. Referring to my notes made on the ground, I find the following:

"The chinch bug is still present in considerable numbers in a few corn-fields, but absent from others where there are signs of its work. In these a large per cent of the grass (Fox-tail) had been entirely killed before the corn was attacked. In no instance has the corn been greatly damaged, the only perceptible injury being in the drying up of a few of the lower leaves."

We had several heavy rains just prior to this, so the partial disappearance of the pest could very likely be attributed to this cause. Since that date but a few scattered specimens of the bugs have been noticed. Hence, I imagine our rains of August and September have been of great benefit in their diminution.

In conclusion, I would state that the only remedy that I know of is in clean farming—burning all rubbish in early spring that has not disappeared during fall and winter; also the protection of our winter birds.

In regions that depend largely upon irrigation for moisture, or such that are easily flooded, there never need be any loss of crops from the depredations of this insect. As to future possibilities of injury we can say nothing definite, as weather alone will decide the matter, a wet year preventing and a dry one favoring their increase in damaging numbers.

Williamson is not behind the State in the size of her horticultural products, if she is not the biggest city in it. Pea-pods five inches long, sweet corn seven feet high, grape leaves 10 inches across by 15 inches long, and fine large potatoes two months from the hill are a few of the stories told by the editor of the Enterprise.

AUSTRALIA.

Progress of these Colonies.—Interesting Report on the Wool Growing Industry.

The July report of the Agricultural Department contains a review of the pastoral and agricultural progress of the British Australian colonies since 1860, compiled from the official colonial statistics. The period covered includes years of progress unrivaled in history except by the advancement of the States of our Union, and which, as this report observes, have made these colonies "the jewels of the English crown;" and brought to light resources and possibilities far in advance of those of India. Despite their natural advantages and favorable conditions, these Australian colonies are still the most thinly populated of any civilized countries; and notwithstanding the marvelous progress of the last decade, are only in the first stages of the development of their great resources.

The aggregate area of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand is 3,075,338 square miles, an area greater than that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska; while the population, 3,426,592 persons, is less than that of the State of Pennsylvania. Victoria, the smallest in extent and largest in population, exceeds Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, New Jersey and Delaware combined in area, while in population she is exceeded by New Jersey alone. The Australian population is mainly productive, there being no privileged class of aristocratic landholders, few wealthy families living upon incomes from investments, and the criminal and pauper classes being no longer larger than in other lands. While agriculture and stock raising are the main pursuits, other occupations are not unduly neglected, and manufactures, mining, etc., are increasing. Extending through more than thirty degrees of latitude, these colonies have a great diversity of climate, from temperate to tropic, and the lands are generally fertile. The principal crops continue to be wheat for export and oats, maize and potatoes for home consumption. The wheat production, after expanding rapidly in acreage for several years, has been checked by increasing competition and the difficulty encountered in reaping the world's market. Of the seven colonies, South Australia, Victoria and New Zealand are the only ones which produce more than enough of wheat for their own use, while the population of the four colonies which do not produce enough for home consumption is steadily and rapidly increasing. The home demand per capita in Australia is estimated as being greater than in any other country except France. The largest production ever secured, that of 1885, yielded an excess of 9,000,000 bushels over the demands for home consumption. Since that time the surplus for export has declined in each of the three colonies which are exporters, while the demand in each of the others has increased.

The pastoral interests far exceed the agricultural in value and development, and the increase of flocks and herds since 1860 has been steady and remarkable. The wool and fresh meats exports have both rapidly increased. The stock-raising capacity of the colonies is yet far from being reached. According to this report, the injury done to the stock growing interests by the great number of rabbits overrunning the pastoral regions has not been exaggerated and is steadily increasing. In New South Wales the wool production has increased year by year, from 131,153,601 pounds in 1877 to 203,013,090 in 1886. The Merinos, which mainly compose the flocks, are being improved by the infusion of the best American and German blood, and the conditions are exceptionally favorable to the increase of sheep raising. In twenty-five years Victoria has doubled the number of her sheep, and now has nearly 11,000,000. The wool product there has, however, steadily declined for the past five years. South Australia has also doubled her flocks in twenty-five years, and with a pastoral area of 300,000,000 acres, raises many varieties of wool. The production, which was 20,000,000 pounds in 1870, has since doubled in amount. Queensland equals the other colonies combined in the number of horned cattle, and has 10,000,000 sheep; while the wool product varies widely, and in 1886 was 29,000,000 pounds, compared to 47,000,000 in 1884. New Zealand has steadily increased in the number of sheep since the first enumeration in 1853, and wool growing is the principal industry. The sheep flocks exceed 17,000,000 in number, having doubled in twenty years. The export has steadily increased until it reached 90,000,000 pounds, but owing to the decline in prices has averaged about the same value for ten years. In Tasmania the pastoral interests are steadily encroaching upon the agricultural, but the number of sheep is declining. Wool growing has largely decreased, while sheep-raising for breeding purposes and for meat increases.

In reviewing the agricultural, pastoral and industrial conditions of Australia, the report serves to emphasize the fact that in the development of these colonies the United States must find a great rival supplied with many of the advantages which have contributed to our supremacy. According to this report, the climatic disadvantages and sterility of soil are much less serious and widespread in their adverse influences than has generally been supposed. Although

handicapped by drawbacks in these respects and by difficulty in reaching the world's markets, there can be no doubt that Australia will steadily increase in importance as a contributor to the world's wealth, and that in the development of her vast resources she will exercise an influence only second to that of the United States as a producer of the necessities of life and an asylum for the outcasts of European lands.

A Good Suggestion.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I noticed with interest what your Oakland County correspondent has to say in reference to imported sheep; also your statement of what constitutes imported sheep, and think it a good time at the opening of the fall trade to have the matter well understood. I have sold some sheep, though I am sure I never yet saw the person who possessed average intelligence, or enough so he thought he wanted Shropshire sheep, who needed this instruction. But I have known of persons buying Shropshire sheep with the implied understanding that they were getting recorded sheep, or eligible, but which after purchasing were found to be neither. I think in connection with the above this last matter should be noticed, and dealers in Shropshire sheep should hold themselves above any chance for reproach on such a matter. Yours truly,

W. J. GARLOCK.

Method of Holding Fresh Butter.

With reference to the holding of butter our method here is, during the hot months, to churn the cream until the butter comes in small granules, about the size of kernels of wheat, when we draw off the buttermilk and wash the granular butter in cold water while it is in the churn, turning the churn a few times, then drawing the water off, and finally washing it with brine; then we take oak casks which have been previously scalded out with brine and thoroughly cleansed; place in the bottom of the cask a layer of salt, with a little saltpetre in it, then put in the butter, filling the cask to the top, then putting on a cloth and over the cloth a pall of salt, then putting the head in the cask securely, driving the hoops down tight, finally pouring in brine through a small hole bored in the head until the cask is filled. The cask is then stored away in a cool place and watched for a couple of weeks, pouring in brine so as to keep it full, but when finally it has taken up all the brine it will, we drive a plug in the hole and let the cask remain until such time as we desire to sell the butter; when we open the cask and take out sufficient butter to churn in the buttermilk that results from the churning of the cream on that day, and by churning this granular butter in the buttermilk for a few moments, its flavor is freshened. Then we take the butter from the churn, work, salt and pack it in tubs as usual, and it is very seldom that the sharpest buyer can tell that this butter has not been freshly made. The tubs in which it is packed are fresh and bright, and there is nothing to indicate that it is old, and in fact it is fresh, because each of these butter granules has been surrounded by strong brine, thus excluding the air and retaining the aroma.—D. H. Burrell & Co.

A Perfect Type of Pig.

To furnish a typical guide to farmers as well as to breeders, a committee of experts was appointed at the American National Swine Breeders' Convention to report on "A general standard of excellence for a hog which shall best meet the requirements of the market."

The standard adopted represents a perfect hog most profitable to the farmer and consumer. It says: "Such a hog must have a short head, heavy jaw, and thick short neck; ear small, thin and tolerably erect; but is not objectionable if it droops slightly forward. It must be straight on the bottom from the neck back to flank, let well down to the knee in the brisket, and possess good length from head to tail; back broad and slightly curved or arched from the shoulder to the setting on the tail; ribs rather barrel-shaped; tail small.

"The hams should be long from the back to the letting off at the loin, and be broad and full; shoulders not large, and yet sufficient to give symmetry to the animal; hair smooth, and evenly set on; skin soft and elastic to the touch; legs short and small, set under the body, and the space between wide; a good depth between the bottom and top of the carcass.

"The animal must be possessed of a good quiet disposition, and, as a general rule, should not weigh more than 300 pounds, or 400 pounds gross, at twelve to eighteen months old. Color may be black or white, or a mixture of the two. Such a hog will measure as many feet from the top of the head to the setting on the tail as it does round the body, and as many inches round the leg below the knees as it does in length or round the body, and the depth of the body will be four-fifths of the height."

The National Association of Expert Judges of Swine will hold their next meeting at Indianapolis, Ind., July 31st, Aug. 1st, 2d and 3d. All swine breeders are invited, as the benefits which may be derived from this meeting they ought not to miss. Special railroad rates have been secured. L. C. Nixon is President, St. Albans, O., and W. H. Morris, Secretary, Indianapolis.

The Farm.

Eastern Office: 21 Park Row, New York,
P. B. BROMFIELD, M'gr.

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MICHIGAN FARMER
DETROIT, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1888.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the
past week amounted to 66,321 bu., against
22,950 bu. the previous week, and 426,042
bu. for corresponding week in 1887. Ship-
ments for the week were 16,309 bu., against
45,949 bu. the previous week and 253,771 bu.
the corresponding week in 1887. The stocks
of wheat now held in this city amount to
129,304 bu., against 129,345 bu. last week
and 386,819 bu. at the corresponding date
in 1887. The visible supply of this grain on
July 21 was 21,644,510 bu. against 23,418,
484 the previous week, and 31,751,051
for the corresponding week in 1887. This
shows a decrease from the amount reported
the previous week of 773,674 bushels. As
compared with a year ago the visible sup-
ply shows a decrease of 10,106,341 bu.

The new crop is beginning to arrive in
considerable quantities, and as it gets dried
out the premium paid for old grades is less-
en. This is noticeable in No. 1 white,
which has been very scarce and held three
or four cents above No. 2 red. It has de-
clined 1½¢ during the week, while old No. 2
red is quoted at the same figures. But
white wheat of good quality is likely to
command a premium, as the area where it
was once grown has been greatly decreased.
Michigan should always grow a good white
wheat. Her soil and climate are admirably
adapted for that purpose, while but few of
the wheat growing States are. The demand
is increasing, and we look for white to out-
come a premium over red varieties all the
coming year. Those who have held on to the
Crawson will have no trouble selling their
crop.

The week closes with a fairly strong mar-
ket, and spot at about last week's prices,
while futures are higher. The prospects are
generally more favorable to holders. Chi-
cago was firm and higher yesterday and
cables were stronger. The demand for ex-
port is improving under unfavorable weather
conditions in Europe.

The following table exhibits the daily closing
prices of spot wheat in this market from
July 3d to July 27th, inclusive:

	No. 1 White.	No. 2 Red.	No. 3 Red.
July 3.....	89½	86	84
" 4.....	90	86½	84½
" 5.....	90½	87	85
" 6.....	91	87½	85½
" 7.....	91½	88	86
" 8.....	92	88½	86½
" 9.....	92½	89	87
" 10.....	93	89½	87½
" 11.....	93½	90	88
" 12.....	94	90½	88½
" 13.....	94½	91	89
" 14.....	95	91½	89½
" 15.....	95½	92	90
" 16.....	96	92½	90½
" 17.....	96½	93	91
" 18.....	97	93½	91½
" 19.....	97½	94	92
" 20.....	98	94½	92½
" 21.....	98½	95	93
" 22.....	99	95½	93½
" 23.....	99½	96	94
" 24.....	100	96½	94½
" 25.....	100½	97	95
" 26.....	101	97½	95½
" 27.....	101½	98	96

The quotations above are for old wheat.
New No. 2 red is selling at 85c, and No. 1
white at 88c.

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the
various dates each day of the past week
were as follows:

	July.	Aug.	Sept.
Saturday.....	85	83½	82½
Sunday.....	84	83	82
Monday.....	84	83	82
Tuesday.....	84	83	82
Wednesday.....	84	83	82
Thursday.....	84	83	82
Friday.....	84	83	82

Future sales are all of new wheat. No. 1
white for August is quoted at 84½¢ per bu. In
the United Kingdom, in place of the
dry, warm weather so essential to the suc-
cessful blooming and earing of the wheat
crop the weather has been wet and unsettled.
Much will depend upon the weather from
now to harvest, but the probability is that
the harvest will be three weeks late, and it
may fairly be questioned if the crop will
equal that of last year. In its last weekly
review of the market the *Mark Lane Ex-
press* says:

"The continuance of bad weather has in-
creased the trade in native wheats. In the
provincial markets prices advanced 6d@1s.
The sales of English wheat for the week
were 24,977 quarters at 32s per quarter,
against 24,190 quarters at 34s 4d per quarter
for the corresponding time last year. Coun-
try flour is firm at 4d advance. Foreign
wheats are steadier at a rise of 3d. At
Liverpool prices are 1d per cental better.
Foreign flour is 3d better."

In France the weather has continued de-
cidedly unfavorable for wheat and other
cereal, causing increased complaints from
farmers throughout the country. Violent
storms, accompanied by rain and hail, have
done much damage in the north, east and
centre. The nights are cold, the ground is
estimated, and an immediate return to
warm, dry weather is anxiously desired.
The wheat ears are generally short, and the
flowering was indifferently effected, the
heavy downpour of rain having beaten off
the bloom. The reports say that the fields

are thin, and the deficiency will not be
made up by well-filled ears. It is generally
conceded that the crop will net, in any
event, reach the average of 103,000,000
hectolitres, and while much depends upon
the weather from now to harvest, it seems
probable that the deficit, compared with last
year, will be at least 10 per cent. Some
estimates make the shortage even larger.

In Germany the weather has been favor-
able for the crops, and even rye begins to
show signs of some improvement, though
the crop cannot be otherwise than short.
Prices have risen in the interior so as to ad-
mit of imports, in spite of the high duty,
but with better outlook for the crops, the de-
mand has been restricted.

In Austria-Hungary the condition of the
wheat crop shows further improvement.
One of the largest flour mills in the world,
located near Pesth, Hungary, is reported to
have been burned, with more than a million
bags of flour.

The following table shows the quantity
of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in
the United States, Canada, and on passage
to Great Britain and the Continent of Eu-
rope:

	Bushels.
Visible supply.....	28,931,727
On passage for United Kingdom.....	17,800,000
On passage for Continent of Europe.....	5,712,000
Total bushels July 7, 1888.....	44,543,727
Total previous week.....	47,367,989
Total two weeks ago.....	48,294,233
Total July 7, 1888.....	55,371,190

The estimated receipts of foreign and
home-grown wheat in the English markets
during the week ending July 14 were
215,800 bu. more than the estimated
consumption; and for the eight weeks end-
ing June 30 the receipts are estimated to
have been 1,354,730 bu. less than the con-
sumption. The receipts show a decrease
for those eight weeks of 1,904,884 bu. as
compared with the corresponding eight
weeks in 1887.

Shipments of wheat from India for the
week ending July 14, 1888, as per special
cable to the New York Produce Exchange,
aggregated 650,000 bu., of which 280,000
were for the United Kingdom and 400,
000 to the Continent. The shipments for
the previous week, as cabled, amounted to
940,000 bushels, of which 730,000 went
to the United Kingdom and 230,000 to the
Continent. The shipments from that coun-
try from April 1, the beginning of the crop
year, to July 14, aggregated 14,700,000 bu.,
about equally divided between the United
Kingdom and the Continent. The wheat
on passage from India July 2 was estimat-
ed at 5,736,000 bu. One year ago the quan-
tity was 75,552,000 bu.

The Liverpool market on Friday was
quoted dull with poor demand. Quotations
for American wheat as follows: No. 2
winter, 6s. 6½d. @ 6s. 7½d. per cental; No. 2
spring, 6s. 6½d. @ 6s. 7½d.; California No. 1
6s. 7½d. @ 6s. 8½d.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the
past week were 11,471 bu., against 10,435 bu.
the previous week, and 5,286 bu. for the
corresponding week in 1887. Shipments for
the week were 19,036 bu., against 7,115 bu.
the previous week, and 479 bu. for the
corresponding week in 1887. The visible
supply of corn in the country on July 21
amounted to 3,890,857 bu. against 9,332,
091 bu. the previous week, and 7,884,309 bu.
at the same date in 1887. The visible supply
shows a decrease during the week indicated
of 942,334 bu. The stocks now held in this
city amount to 24,378 bu. against 37,833 bu.
last week, and 1,839 bu. at the corre-
sponding date in 1887. As compared with
a year ago the visible supply shows an in-
crease of 565,648 bu. Corn closes quiet
and steady, with prices lower than a week
ago. No. 2 is now selling at 46½¢ for spot
while some sales for December delivery
were made at 50c. This is a low price for
corn, but dealers are predicting a heavy
drop if the growing crop matures in good
condition. Upon the whole the crop is pro-
gressing well all through the corn belt, and
while it will be a little late in this State,
we look for an excellent crop if frost holds
off until it matures. The movement in corn
is light in all markets. At Chicago yester-
day the market opened rather weak, but
firmed up and closed above the figures of
the previous day. The feeling is generally
steady. Values are lower than a week ago.
Latest quotations in that market yesterday
were 45c for No. 2 spot, 45½¢ for August
delivery, 45c for September, and 44½¢ for
October.

The Liverpool market on Friday was
dull and demand poor. The following
are the latest cable quotations from Liver-
pool: Spot mixed, 4s. 6d. per cental.
Futures: August delivery, 4s. 6½d.;
September 4s. 6½d.; October 4s. 6½d.

OATS.

The receipts at this point for the week were
11,668 bu., against 36,373 bu. the previous
week, and 36,993 bu. for the corresponding
week last year. The shipments for the week
were nothing against nothing the previ-
ous week, and 5,281 bu. for same week in
1887. The visible supply of this grain on
July 21 was 3,052,788 bu., against 3,468,339
bu. the previous week, and 1,971,667 at the
corresponding date in 1887. The visible
supply shows a decrease of 415,546 bu.
for the week indicated. Stocks held in
store here amount to 13,594 bu., against
14,581 bu. the previous week, and 33,706
bu. at the corresponding date in 1887. Oats
are steady for spot on account of light re-
ceipts and stocks, while futures are a little
weak in sympathy with western markets.

In this market No. 2 white spot are quoted
at 37c, against 37½¢ a week ago, while No.
2 mixed are quoted at 35½¢ against 35c
last week. Old oats will be at a premium
for some time after the new crop begins to
come in, as green oats are not a safe article
of diet for horses. In futures No. 2 white
for August delivery are quoted at 28c, and
September at 28c; No. 2 mixed for August
delivery sold yesterday at 25c. The Chicago
market was dull and weak, and spot de-
clined a little. Trade was light, and the
demand for futures kept the various deals
about steady. A big crop is looked for this
season, and the yield so far as reported is
up to expectations. No. 2 mixed spot are
quoted at 29½¢@30c, July delivery at 29½¢,
August at 29½¢, September at 28½¢, and
October at same figures. The New York
market yesterday was firm on both spot
and futures, with prices generally lower on
all grades except fancy white, which

are unchanged. Quotations in that market
are as follows: No. 2 white, 40¢@42c; No.
2 white, 39½¢@40c; No. 2 mixed, 36c
@38c. In futures No. 2 mixed for August
delivery sold at 30½¢, September at 29½¢
@30c, and October at 29½¢@30c. West-
ern sold at 44¢@45c for white, and 35¢@36c
for mixed.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The market is good for choice butter, but
ordinary stock is seldom wanted, and as it
comprises the bulk of the receipts at present
it follows that it is accumulating. Dairy is
in good demand where the quality is all
right, and 16¢@17c is readily obtained for
the best, but for ordinary to good 15¢@16c
is quoted, and common stock sells at 10¢@12c.
For creamery the market is only fair, but
it holds steady at 18¢@20c. The weather has
also been against the market; and adds to
the difficulty of selling anything that is not
first class. The Chicago market is also dull,
with values tending downward except on the
choicest grades. Buyers were holding
off and there was an accumulation of stocks,
with medium and low grades especially dull.
Quotations: Fancy Elgin creameries, 19¢
@19½¢ per lb.; fine Iowa, Wisconsin and
Minnesota do, 17½¢@18½¢; fair to good do,
15¢@16c; do cross-bred, 15¢@16c; common
to fair do, 13¢@14c. The New York mar-
ket has held up all week, but appears to be
weakening through large receipts, which
are filling up storage room and unsettling
the market. The *Daily Bulletin* says:

"The general market presents a decided-
ly dull and discouraging appearance. Western
creamery is in lighter supply to-day, but
invoiced are liberal, and with an immense
accumulation here holders are anxiously
seeking an outlet in all directions, and on
medium to good quality, of which bulk of
accumulation consists, lower prices are
offered, but without stimulating any in-
creased attention. One or two exporters
have taken some lots at 15½¢@16c, but not
enough to have any influence, and in fact
most shippers claim to be unable to obtain
any answers to their cables. The weak, un-
settled feeling in the grades is tending to
drag down the finer grades, and we hear of
more urgent offerings and occasional shad-
ing even on strictly fancy grades. State
creamery pails are easy, and 21c the top for
finest that is in good condition, while the
State dairy dull and weak. Imitation
creamery, Western dairy and factories, are all
slow and tone weak and irregular."

Quotations in that market yesterday were
as follows:

EASTERN STOCK.	
Creamery, State, pails, fancy.....	20 @ 21
Creamery, State, tubs, fancy.....	30 @ 32
Creamery, Western, fancy.....	19 @ 20
Creamery, prime.....	17 @ 18
Creamery, good.....	16 @ 17
Creamery, fair.....	14 @ 15
State dairy, tubs, fancy.....	18 @ 19
State dairy, tubs, good.....	16 @ 17
State dairy, tubs, fair.....	15 @ 16
State dairy, tubs, poor.....	14 @ 15
State dairy, tubs, very poor.....	13 @ 14
State dairy, tubs, no grade.....	12 @ 13

WESTERN STOCK.	
Western Creamery, fancy.....	19 @ 20
Creamery, Elgin, fancy.....	18 @ 19
Western imitation creamery.....	16 @ 17
Western dairy, fine to prime.....	14 @ 15
Western dairy, good.....	13 @ 14
Western dairy, medium grades cream.....	12 @ 13
Western dairy, ordinary.....	11 @ 12
Western factory, tubs, June choice.....	14 @ 15
Western factory, tubs, June fair.....	13 @ 14
Western factory, prime.....	14 @ 15
Western factory, ordinary.....	11 @ 12

CHEESE.

The market is quiet, and under the re-
ports of weakness both east and west, a
decline would not be unexpected. Still
quotations are unchanged, and something
may occur to relieve the pressure in New
York and Chicago, and stop the decline which
has begun at those points. Full cream State
are quoted at 9¢@9½¢ per lb., Ohio at 8¢
@8½¢, and New York at 9¢@10c per lb.
Skins are selling at 5¢@8c per lb. At Chi-
cago the tone of the market is weak and a
decline of ¼¢@½¢ is noted from the prices
of a week ago. Speculators have for the
most part withdrawn, and bids on export ac-
count have been reduced, with some buyers
taking only moderate quantities; hence there
is some accumulation of stocks. Quotations
were as follows: Full creams, cheddars, 8¢
@8½¢ per lb.; do flats, 8½¢; do Young
America, 8½¢@9c; poor to choice skins, 2¢
@6c. The New York market has also de-
clined, the drop being ¼¢ on fancy grades, and
even more on some others. Cable reports
are unfavorable, and exporters have reduced
their offers to correspond with the latest
Liverpool figures. Still holders do not ap-
pear to feel discouraged, and those with
fancy stock on hand are asking 9½¢, and
sometimes getting it. White is weaker than
colored, and sells less readily even at lower
figures. Skins are very dull, shippers as-
serting there is no market for them at present.
Quotations in that market yesterday
were as follows:

State factory, full cream, colored.....	9 @ 9½
State factory, full cream, white.....	8½ @ 9
State factory, good.....	8½ @ 8¾
State factory, medium grades cream.....	8 @ 8½
State factory, ordinary.....	7 @ 8
State factory, light skins.....	6 @ 7
State factory, medium.....	6 @ 6½
State factory, full skins.....	8 @ 8½
Ohio flats, ordinary.....	7 @ 7½
Ohio flats, best.....	7 @ 7½

The receipts of cheese in New York for
the week ending July 17 were 54,504
boxes, against 104,289 the previous week,
and 86,319 boxes the corresponding week
in 1887. The exports from all Atlantic
ports for the same week were 9,559,782 lbs.,
against 3,949,049 lbs. the previous week,
and 8,480,438 lbs. the corresponding week
in 1887.

The exports of cheese from the port of
New York since May 1st, the beginning of
the trade year, for the period named, com-
pare as follows:

	Exports.	Imports.
For week ending July 31.....	4,836,307	4,836,307
Same week 1887.....	3,023,728	3,023,728
Since May 1, 1888.....	27,677,757	27,677,757
Same time last year.....	29,269,719	29,269,719

The *Montreal Gazette*, in its review of the
market, says:

"Holders of cheese here, much of which
cost pretty well up, are inclined to stay
put, and to wait for the market to
improve, in order to avoid the chances of another
turn, which, in view of the erratic course of
the market this season, would not be sur-
prising. The cable has declined to 46c
under the influence of big shipments and
weak advices from this side, besides which
the fear of hot weather goods probably has
some effect. The advices from the country
show that there is not much danger of a
drought, as rain has fallen extensively. East
of here the production has been, and still is,
large, and in excess of last year, and the
accounts from the west are more conflicting.
The market for the present remains in a
very unsatisfactory condition, and is suffer-
ing under the reaction from undue and
reckless speculation in which certain op-
erators in the trade indulged, not, however,
to their advantage."

The Liverpool market on Friday was
quoted dull for American white and colored
at 48c. 0d. per cwt., a decline of 1s. 6d. per
cwt. from the prices quoted last week.

WOOL.

Upon the whole there is a somewhat
improved tone in the eastern markets, con-
sequent upon the arrival of the new clip and
the better selections to which manufacturers
have access. No apparent change is reported
in values, except perhaps that old wools are
lower, the new clip causing them to be
neglected. Buyers are moving very cau-
tiously, and will not buy largely even at
concessions. The past year was full of sad
experience for them as well as for dealers.
They are not willing to take any more chances.
The *U. S. Economist* estimates the loss to
growers and dealers last year as fully
twenty-two millions of dollars, and it is lost
irretrievably. No wonder the trade handle
wool very gingerly—they are afraid it is still
loaded and liable to "go off" at any moment.

At Boston Ohio X wool is selling at 27¢
@27½¢, and Michigan X is held at 26c; but
buyers quote 25¢@25½¢ as the best they can
do. No. 1 Michigan sells at 30c, and No. 1
Ohio at 32¢@33c. Prices in the wool-grow-
ing States are above these figures when
transportation and expenses are added,
hence we look for considerable portions of
the clips of Michigan, Ohio and New York
to be held by the local buyers for a time,
as they could not get out whole in some
instances and sell at present range of values.
The majority of the voters of the country,
however, may decide that they shall have to
take less if they hold for a time.

There is so much woolen goods being
imported at present, as shown by statistics
from the Treasury Department, that, coupled
with the undervaluation of foreign
wools, the bringing in of "tops," etc.,
under the name of "waste," the out-
look is not a pleasant one for the man who
has put his money into wool, or the manu-
facturer who objects to swear falsely so as
to bring in foreign wool at a low rate of
duty. It is the swindler and the perjurer
who are masters of the situation under the
present condition of affairs, while the wool-
grower, the dealer and the manufacturer
suffer.

The New York market is quiet, and fine
fleeces appear to be steady. Medium wools
are not so strong under a limited inquiry,
although prices are quoted as before. The
new wools arriving are generally held above
the views of buyers, and this tends to curtail
business. Still, the record of sales shows
some increase for the past two weeks. The
Daily Bulletin says of the market:

"Trading has been without much growth
thus far this week, and of the few sales
learned of a goodly proportion were upon
the conclusion of old negotiations. The mar-
ket, in fact, is a good deal of elements calcu-
lated to lead to much animation, and while
the wants of manufacturers may at times lead
to some pretty good sales, there seems to be
no faith in a continuous full demand be-
yond the filling out of mill assortments.
The receipts of new fleeces is irregular, and
very full as yet, with only a portion
sorted up, but the samples received some at-
tention and dealers are hopeful that for a
while these wools will give them a chance
to do business upon some business, and
California wools are not moving out in
quite so heavy blocks as a short time ago,
but the small inventories handled command
about former figures. Foreign carpet wools
continue to be in demand, especially such
grades as can 'on a pinch' be used for cloth-
ing purposes."

That last sentence shows just what all the
market. The duties are evaded by import-
ing wools and passing them through the
custom house as "carpet wools," while
"on a pinch" they are used for clothing
wools, supplanting domestic wools because
they are cheaper.

The editor of the *U. S. Economist* tells
some plain truths in the following extract
from that paper:

"Our wool market remains dormant and
greatly depressed, and what is true of this
market is true of all those from the Atlantic
coast to the Pacific Ocean. No manufacturer
anticipates his wants to-day, simply because
he cannot secure orders from which to realize
a profit. The business of buying wool,
making the cloth and selling the cloth in the
piece or the garment is simply a guided one
to-day, and all are ready to pull up spools
and shut up and shut down, and go fishing,
and all this is owing to the Mills bill before
Congress, which proposed to admit wool
duty free. We have seen Ohio fleeces brought
to-day at 25c, which is the lowest price
it has ever been bought before. Over 30
years ago, before the war, we saw this wool
sell at 60c and 65c, and yet the manufacturer
preferring to say that wool was too dear, and
they cannot compete with European manu-
facturers. No, nor could they compete with
them if they got the wool for nothing with-
out high duties, simply because labor and
money are far dearer in this land, and
the cost of the over and essence of civilization."

"If we want to lapse into barbarism all
we have to do is to kill our sheep and eat
them, burn our mills, and live like a while
on the insurance, and then go and buy wool
and then go and raise wheat and corn for
the hungry paupers of the old world, while
they make cloth to clothe our nakedness, if
we have any money left to pay importers in
the end an exorbitant price for their goods,
when they are left without any competitors
on this side of the big Gulf."

"It would be passing strange if we
could not do anything in this country that
is done in any other if we only wished to.
It is asserted that we cannot grow the
classes of wool here adapted to the wants of
manufacturers, or that the manufacturers
themselves cannot make the classes of
woolens the people require to wear. Neither
assertion is true. We can grow any sort of
wool in this country; we can card it, we can
spin it and dye it, and make it into yarn
or cloth as well as it can be done in any
country, all things else considered. But if
this country is to be made the junk shop of
all the world, as it partly is now and surely
was before the war, why then our people are
too intelligent and well educated to go into
the junk shop business to please anybody in
competition with pauper labor. If we were
in war with any European country and our
ports were blockaded, the verity of these
views would be brought to our gaze very
soon, and the country and people that is not
remained ever in a state of dependence
and degradation."

"No country can become permanently
happy and prosperous unless it is self sup-
porting and independent financially, com-
mercially and economically. A country
which, like the South, raises cotton and
tobacco and ships it all away, and depends
upon the North or Europe for goods, is no
further advanced than in the colonial times
when all was barter or exchange."

The following is a record of prices made
up from actual sales in the eastern markets:
Ohio XX and above, 29½¢@30c; Ohio XX,
28½¢@29c; Ohio X, 27¢@28c; Ohio No. 1, 32¢
@33c; Michigan X, 35½¢@36c; Michigan No. 1,
30¢@31c; Ohio delaine, 30¢@31c; Michi-
gan delaine, 28¢@29c; Ohio unwashed and
unmerchanted, 18¢@20c; Michigan do, 17
¢@18c; No. 1 Ohio combed, washed,
25c; do Michigan, 32¢@33c; Kentucky
and Indiana X-blood combed, 36¢@37c; do
X-blood combed, 34¢@35c; Missouri and

Illinois X-blood combed, 34¢@35c; do X-
blood combed, 33¢@34c; Texas fine, 12
months, 17¢@18c; do 6 to 8 months, 15¢@17c;
do medium, 12 months, 20¢@22c; do 6 to 8
months, 18¢@20c; do fall fine, 13¢@15c;
do medium, 18¢@20c; do heavy, 3¢@5c less;
Georgia, 24¢@25c; California northern spring
fine, 18¢@21c; Middle Co. spring, 15¢
@17c; Southern spring, 11¢@14c; California
burry and defective, 10¢@11c; Australia
combed, 35¢@41c; do cross-bred, 36¢@40c;
do clothing, 29¢@33c; Cape, 35¢@37c; Eng-
lish ¼ to ¾ blood, 33½¢@37c.

CLAWSON WHEAT.

We ask the attention of our readers to
the very interesting letter from "Old Gen-
ee" in this week's issue. His experience
with the Clawson wheat is not an isolated
case, although many farmers are convinced
that it has "run out," as it is termed. It
is the history of all wheats in this, and we
suppose in other States, that they "run out,"
that is, become less productive from year to
year, and finally worthless. Clawson, in
this respect, is only following a dozen other
sorts within the memory of middle-aged
farmers. We think "Old Genee," like a
few others, has discovered why these vari-
eties have "run out," and applied the
remedy. In every instance where a particu-
lar variety has been kept pure, the seed
carefully selected, and the

Poetry.

SECRETS.

Would you fathom the secret of Nature's art,
The spell of her mystic measures;
Would you learn of the hillside, heart to heart,
The soul of her inmost pleasures?
Would you know why the wind-flower's bloom
Is brief,
Or purple the violet's blossom?
Then come to her haunts for your soul's relief
And gather it home to your bosom!

Where the grass of the meadow is long and free
And loosed like a summer billow,
Seek for some money stone and see
How slaken your dewy pillow,
And list to the hum of the wandering gnat,
The shrill of the locust's stinging,
And tell me one-half of the sweet tones that
Their song to your ear is bringing:

Where the lily is tall or the bending reed
Sways low o'er the streamlet's sighing;
Where the snap-dragon scatters its filken seed
And the daisy the dandelion is flying;
Where the wild bird roams at its own sweet will,
And the trout leaps high in the river;
Come—tell me the secret of all and fill
The soul of my soul forever!

For the wild bird knows and the seeds are full
Of a mystical lore and knowledge;
And it needs no dillard that learns by rule
The sweet old dreams of college
To render the science that dwells in all
The Children of Nature's breeding,
If you list to her soft, low, wooing call,
To her mother tones give heed!

To her own she is fain and nothing loath
To whisper the key-note in her,
The miracle ever of daily growth
And the spell of the charm to win her;
The spell of the hills and the charm of the
flowers,
With the day and the night dew gleaming;
Oh! what a magical world is ours—
How full of a sweet world dreams!

The Independent.

WHAT LOVE IS.

Love is the centre and circumference,
The cause and aim of all things: 'tis the key
To joy and sorrow, and the recompense
For all the ills that have been or may be.

Love is a bitter as the drops of sin,
As sweet as clover-honey in its cell,
Love is the password whereby souls get in
To heaven—the gateway that leads sometimes
to hell.

Love is the crown that glories—the curse
That brands and burdens—it is life and death,
It is the great law of the universe,
And nothing can exist without its breath.

Love is the impulse which directs the world,
And all things know it and obey its power,
Man, in the mastery of his passions whirled;
The bee, that takes the pollen to the flower.

Miscellaneous.

OUTWITTED.

CHAPTER I.

A few years ago a small party was wandering about in the south of France. The chaperon of it was good-natured and indolent, and liked everyone to be happy their own way. Her husband was irritable and active, and fidgeted some of his young companions nearly out of their lives.

"You know, Elizabeth," he would fume, "you are responsible not only for these girls' health, but for their future prospects. What would Lady Daryls say if she knew you let young Blair take Ella to that popish service last Sunday? And I would not mind betting you a sovereign now that they are on the lake together."

And kind-hearted Mrs. Damer, the Elizabeth who was being upbraided, smiled and yawned, and showed a set of very even white teeth, and took up her fan and played with it, and only answered, "I wonder if Reynolds telegraphed to Perpignan for our rooms."

Poor Mr. Damer bounded out of the house, and crossed the courtyard, as he went down the dusty street, he thanked goodness Elizabeth never had a daughter, he wished with all his heart he had never been involved in this foolish trip, he could not imagine why—

"Why, Damer! In the name of all the world what brings you here?"

Mr. Damer started as if he had been shot. He held up his hands; astonishment rendered him dumb.

"Why, Rennie!" he cried at last, "I thought you were on the Rocky Mountains."

"So I was to have been, but fate decreed otherwise, you see; and I am only hanging about till shooting season begins."

And tall, brown-headed Jack Rennie lit his pipe, put his hands in his pockets and sauntered along by his friend's side, listening to a torrent of misery; of "how Elizabeth, in her usual fashion, you know, had arranged a party of silly young people who would go sight-seeing when they ought to be in bed, rowing on the lake when they ought to be on land, attending Romish churches when there are decent Protestant temples in the town, and above all, letting that scatter-brained Willie Blair dance about after Ella Daryls as if he were heir to a dukedom. It is infamous, simply infamous, Rennie. And here am I, treated like a lodger in my own house, my opinion not asked. It's beyond all bearing, upon my word it is!" retorted the poor old man.

"Never mind, old fellow, bear up," answered Jack Rennie, with a kindly twinkle in his gray eyes. He was used to Mr. Damer's confidences, and had more than once poured out on the troubled waters of Damer Court. "I think I know something about the Daryls. Sir James is a friend of my uncle's down near Ranbury; he married a second time last year, didn't he? Is it his daughter who is so dangerous?"

"Oh, the Kingscotes, the other girls are no trouble. Good, excellent, plain people almost directly, and are going on into Spain. It does not matter who they meet. But a prospect of £50,000 a year, old boy, is a handsome talk about, and Elizabeth is so fond she would see it. Sir James asked me to take Ella just now, to keep her out of the way for a bit. We are expecting some news every day. If it's a girl, she will keep her fortune; if it's a boy, it's all up with her, and she is so extraordinary, I don't believe she'll care a pin about it. But with all my heart, I hope it will be a daughter."

So they wandered, talking over the Daryls' affairs, till they reached the shore of the lake. The cool water lapped with a

delicious soft ripple at their feet, a quiet stillness hung over everything; for a few minutes Mr. Damer's tongue was even silenced. Then some clear English voices rang through the air, the splashing of oars came nearer, and a boat full of bright colors flashed over the water to the landing place hard by.

"There they are, there they are, told you so!" cried Mr. Damer, "and I had only gone up for half an hour to the Consul's. I had desired Elizabeth not let them go out; and when I came back they were off, the whole pack of them, and she had never troubled her head about them."

"But it is a lovely day for a row," began Jack, trying to extenuate the young people, and with his quick glance taking them all in. A young fair-haired fellow had jumped out. He was holding his hand to a girl in a white dress; she was standing up for a moment, tall, straight and doubtful. The step was a little distance off; the boat was receding.

"There! That's Blair! I knew it. Upon my word, Elizabeth ought to be ashamed of herself," Mr. Damer was crying.

"Bring the boat nearer!" another voice shrieked.

There was a slight lurch, the figure in white at the boat's head swayed, Blair's hand was outstretched, but he could not reach her, some of the party sitting safely in their seats screamed. A tall man rushed to the steps, a strong hand caught the girl's arm: "Never mind, you are quite safe," came in Jack Rennie's kind voice, as he bent across and held both hands to steady her. Then the boat was drawn nearer, and Ella Daryls, still holding Jack's hands stepped on the landing-place, and looking up with a pair of shy, sweet eyes, thanked him.

He raised his hat: "It was nothing," he said. But the gentle look in her eyes haunted him, and somehow as he went to bed that night, he wished that Sir James Daryls would either have a son, or else that the land containing his valuable coal mines would be rent asunder by an earthquake.

Quite early the next morning, Jack Rennie was roused from his slumbers by a sharp rapping at his door.

"An Englishman wished very particularly to see him. It was a matter of great importance. He would wait in Monsieur's room till Monsieur was ready."

"Better take the old fellow! It's Damer, of course. I wish I had never come near this hole," grumbled Jack. "Well, there is one thing, all his friends must be known by their beads; no one could ever have called up at any earthly hour."

And then, after to what Jack's mind seemed an incredibly short time, and to Mr. Damer's an insupportably long one, the dressing was accomplished, and he appeared in a comfortable loose brown suit of clothes—a happy contrast to the spick and span little man, whose emotions were so great he could scarcely wait for his friend's arrival to pour forth his grievances.

"What do you think has happened now?" he cried, holding Jack's shoulders. "What folly do you think she has committed this morning?"

"Got that kind of fat cure to marry them off-hand?" proposed Jack, with a merry twinkle in his gray eyes. "It would save an immense lot of trouble, you know. No end of bother would be done away with."

"Don't talk like an idiot!" almost screamed Mr. Damer. "I shall have the Daryls down on me like—the burning fluid of Vesuvius. Those Kingscotes girls have left us. A telegram came last night from their cousins to join them at Genoa to-day, so they started at six this morning. Blair was to have gone too, but when I sent to the station to see about their tickets, all the plans were upset. Elizabeth said that she thought Ella would be dull with only us, so she had asked Blair to stay over and go on to Perpignan. Of course, he jumped at it. I saw those Kingscotes smiling, and upon my word I felt completely at my wits' end."

Rennie gave a long whistle. "You know, Damer," he said at last, "it's an awkward business to interfere with. I can't talk sentiment, I am not good at it; but if two people do love one another, outsiders have no right to meddle with them."

Mr. Damer started in astonishment. Was Jack Rennie going over to the women's side? Was strong-minded, good-natured Jack going to preach the doctrine of aprons-trips? What had come to the fellow? He watched him as if he were some curious new specimen just brought to the Zoological Gardens; but Jack, perfectly unabashed, lit his pipe and began again:

"Bring trouble upon her! Yes, that's it exactly. My very expression—my own words!" he got up from his chair and walked about the room. "The very thing I said to Elizabeth not an hour ago; but she was drinking her chocolate, and grumbling at the Kingscotes for leaving so early, that she would not listen to a word I said. You must come back, Jack, you always manage the ladies. Suppose you were to make a fifth, start with us to-morrow, and wait till Blair leaves. I will be grateful to you for the rest of my life."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Jack, getting up and shaking the ashes out of his pipe, but a very happy little smile played on his lips and settled there. It was hidden safely away under his tawny mustache, but it did not take its leave when Mr. Damer, clapping him on the shoulder, said:

"It is arranged, then, old boy. Elizabeth will be delighted to have her party increased again, and Ella Daryls has asked no end of questions about you since last night, when that idiot nearly capsize her."

A few days later a party were slowly strolling along the Popinere, at Perpignan. It was a dusty, dreary garden, where a few white-capped *bonnes*, sitting in groups, watched the children.

"If you call this worth coming abroad, I don't," said a thin gentleman in charge.

"Well, do you know, Damer," said Jack Rennie, "I like it. The quietness and the simplicity are very refreshing when you have been kicking about as I have."

Mrs. Elizabeth was holding a red parasol in her hand. "I don't think I shall wait

here," she said, "till you come back. I don't believe there is anything more to see than we can look at from this bench."

"Shall we all stop? Are you tired?" asked pretty Ella Daryls, who was wearing a bunch of crimson roses in her white dress and in her white hat.

"No! not as we are here we had better go on," said Mr. Damer, opening his little green guide-book and putting on his glasses. "You are quite right, Damer," Jack answered. "As we are here we will go on; but Mrs. Elizabeth is right, too, as she always is." He added deferentially, raising his hat to her. "And I don't believe there is anything more to see than she can see herself from this very bench."

A smile, and rather a meaning look passed between the two.

"Go on, and tell if I am right," she said, nodding her head, and looking at Jack with some kind eyes.

Some people said that Elizabeth Damer had not the art of conversation; but she certainly excelled in the higher art—that of understanding and soothing her friends.

"What did Elizabeth say last night? You had a very long talk. Could you at all convince her of the inconceivable folly of her behavior?" began Mr. Damer, in such a manner that his two proteges had walked on ahead, and never noticed it.

"Yes, I had a talk with her," said Jack, stroking his beard. "She is wonderfully kind, Mrs. Elizabeth. I really don't think, Damer, there is another friend like her."

"Good heavens, Rennie! I am not talking of kindness; I am talking of her want of wisdom—of her utter incapacity of looking after other people's interests. Now, look at the way she has neglected Ella! Look at the way she has allowed Blair to dance attendance upon her!"

"What are you doing yourself at this present moment?" laughed Jack, whose gray eyes had been keenly watching the two figures in front all the while.

Mr. Damer drew himself up. He could not stand being proved in the wrong; he was not going to be called over the coals by Jack Rennie.

"That is because I thought I was entitled to a few minutes of sensible conversation and advice, Jack," he said, looking very dignified.

"And so you should, Damer," said the other, in his hearty way. "Only, don't you think an ounce of help is worth a pound of plumb?"

And then the two, whose differences were never of very long duration, hurried on to overtake their companions.

Willie Blair's gay voice was rattling lightly on. He was so artless and fresh that no wonder he became a favorite wherever he went. And yet this afternoon he did not seem quite in his old form. Ella Daryls' step became slower and slower.

"Why did not the other two join them?" she asked herself, fretfully. How could she force herself to take an interest in the uncle she had never heard of before?

Ah! there were their voices! Jack Rennie's ringing tones came distinctly through the silent air, and it seemed somehow as if what he was saying just reached her, and stayed with her; as if his voice would go no further. The color in her cheeks mounted brightly, a glad light shone in her eyes.

"Died—did he, you said?" she said, turning to Willie Blair, catching his last words, and trying to keep up a show of interest.

"Yes, poor old fellow! We always call him the Nabob, you know, because, you see, he sprang a mine on that land he bought in South America, and it brought him in thousands a year. Well, the poor old Nabob went out to look at some horses in the park last year, took cold, and in twelve hours he was snuffed out. Literally only took twelve hours to snuff him out. He was an awfully good old fellow; used to tip me so well whenever I went up from Eton to see him. My governor felt it tremendously; and then there was another odd thing, you know."

But the odd thing was not brought to light, for Mr. Damer coming up at the same instant and pulling out his watch, proclaimed it time to turn.

Ella Daryls' bright look was neither lost upon him or upon Rennie.

"I am sorry we disturbed you," said Jack, rather shortly, as he walked by her side homewards.

"You did not disturb us," said poor Ella, faltering and blushing. "But why do things always come to an end when they just begin to be nice, and why do people almost always appear to be what they are not?"

"I don't know," repeated Jack again, in his stiff manner. "I am sorry we brought your nice walk to an end, Miss Daryls."

afraid it would have spoiled her roses. They didn't though; they exactly gave them a setting. It was the very thing, you know, to finish them off."

Mr. Damer glanced at the poor boy; if he could have invented anything severe enough Willie should have had his lecture on the spot. But Ella was drawing nearer, and the caution Jack Rennie had impressed upon him, was the most important step to be considered.

"What are you waiting for?" cried Jack, who was not inwardly blessing this sudden halt.

"Why, for Elizabeth?" shouted her husband; "she never comes when she is wanted, and now that she was expected to keep quiet she has gone!"

"She is over there," said Ella, in her gentle voice, pointing to a group of trees a little farther on, where a band was playing, and some half-dozen were sitting on the benches round listening. The familiar red parasol was a friendly landmark. Elizabeth looked up as they came to her seat and nodded her head.

"Do you know," she said, they have actually played some English airs; and one was, 'Willie, we have missed you!' I wish you could have heard it."

"I wish we could feel it," grumbled Mr. Damer under his breath, and then he sat down by Mrs. Elizabeth's side, while Ella went up to the conductor, and in her pretty, shy way, asked him if he would have the goodness to play the English air again.

The conductor with many gesticulations and bows, felt himself honored that his hand should acquit themselves to the pleasing air of Mademoiselle in their rendering of the beautiful air of Mademoiselle's charming country; and so, 'Willie, we have missed you,' was struck up again.

Jack's deep voice sang an accompaniment, Mrs. Elizabeth beat the time quite animatedly with her parasol; Ella, blushing, put in a few high clear notes, while Willie, the unmissable, had it all with an unmissable John Bull whistle.

"Capital! capital! Never heard anything so good abroad before," Mr. Damer kept on saying. When it was ended Jack sauntered up to the conductor and placed something shining in his hand.

"Ah! que les Anglais sont drolés!" said the man with a shrug, as he eyed some thing golden and round in his hand. "And all for a pitiful English discord! Bah!"

But the pitiful English discord was the beginning of a wonderful harmony, a harmony which comes to some of us sometimes here; a union of love, thought and feeling, which no false chord could ever touch, no harsh note can ever jar.

Did Ella know it as she sat there very still by Mrs. Elizabeth's side? Her hands were tightly clasped, she felt somehow as if something very mysterious, very powerful, were coming to her, and as if she were already somebody else, watching that little party round which Mistress Fate was spinning some of her wonderful threads.

They all five sat on in a tranquil silence till the shadows began to fall, the clock from the Cathedral chimed its half-past five, the band had disappeared, the children and nurses were all gone.

"And we must go, too," said Mrs. Elizabeth, yawning; "this climate makes me so sleepy."

"Pardon, Monsieur," cried a voice, and the obliging landlord of the hotel came hurrying up. "Behold! These came half an hour ago, and I have been searching the town in vain. I know Monsieur was anxious about a telegram."

He handed one envelope to Ella, another to Willie Blair.

"Open! Open quick!" gasped Mr. Damer.

"What an awful nuisance!" cried poor Willie, not at all understanding that Mr. Damer's command was not meant for him. The governor's yacht is at Marseilles, and I must join him tomorrow. What a beastly shame to hunt a chap in this manner. I think I'll strike—wire I won't. What do you think, Mrs. Damer?"

But no one was listening to him, no one heeded his cruel message, for Ella, looking up with a glad face, cried:

"There is a little boy just arrived at home and he is very strong and flourishing."

"The—there is?" said Mr. Damer, playing a very displeased tattoo with his stick on the gravel.

"Oh, my dear, I am so sorry," sympathized Mrs. Elizabeth.

"Why?" cried Ella. Would she be a state prisoner any longer? Would not the chain of those £50,000 a year fall from her, giving a happy freedom? Had not this baby opened the golden barred door? Who should give her now in its stead love, liberty?

getting up from the sofa and holding Jack's hand.

"You did!" roared her husband, more and more bewildered.

"But you did not, and I did not," said Ella Daryls, stepping in from the balcony, blushing and smiling. "It was only this morning that I knew it myself."

The moon stole in through the window, and sent a faint flickering light over the girl's pretty graceful head.

Mr. Damer was still too bewildered to say a word; he turned angrily around towards his wife, and then Ella, growing bolder in her anxiety to shield her friend, laid her little hand on his arm and said:

"You know Mr. Damer, I have to thank you and the baby for it all. Without the baby I could not have lost my fortune, and without you I could never have known—Jack."

At this moment a band struck up. Did it expect another good recognition?

"Willie, we have missed you!" came from some shrill brass instruments.

"Poor Blair!" said Mrs. Elizabeth softly.

"Poor Blair!" cried Mr. Damer, very indignantly. "He was about the best and most inoffensive young fellow I have ever met. And, at all events, one knew what he was after!"—From the London Belgravia.

Putting up the Shades.

It was all on account of a shade, an ordinary low-priced shade, with a spring roller and an inoffensive air that concealed its real depravity, as the blazoned exterior of a circus side-show betrays the actual condition of affairs within. The shade was green in color, not the old-time brilliant grass hue that took its tint direct from the best patch in the pasture meadow, but fashionably green, olive, verdigris, sage, or some of that lot. Nowadays, when a good honest color has as many variations as "The Maiden's Prayer," a commonplace place where deals in coil rope and link chain can be expected to work the combination right the first time. If I were to describe the exact hue of this particular, sickly green, deceptive and diabolical shade, I should say it resembled nothing so much as the bluish water around a North River ferry dock at low tide.

You see, we moved the first of May into a house that is rather larger than any we have ever had before, and we rattled around a little on the upper floors, though the parlors were fine enough and the front door was solid and substantial enough for the vestibule of a Vanderbilt mansion. Of course, not a single shade that had interposed a necessary screen in the other house between the madding crowd and our domestic affairs would fit by inches any window in our new home, and along with a good many other expenses incurred in the effort to live up to hard-wood floors and tiled mantles, we encountered that of new shades.

My wife is a clever woman, though, and on this afternoon, when I left the contemplation of coil rope and link chain at an early hour, lured by the memory of the door mat and parlor furniture, she met me with a smile of satisfaction that was enhanced by the glow of the rose-colored shades certain in the vestibule door, and was beautifully reflected in the burnished brass of the lantern lamp with variegated cast eyes which was suspended from the hall ceiling. I merely throw in this bit of description to delicately indicate the sort of style we live in, and to accentuate the distance, the chasm, so to speak, between it all and the bluish-water shade. As I said, my wife greeted me, all smiles and tea gown, and said in her newly-acquired Early English way:

"John! It's too bad my name is John, I think the shade problem is solved."

"How's that?" I asked, striving to soften my link-chain brusqueness by throwing my overcoat gracefully over the antique oak hall settee, and hanging my hat with an easy air upon one of the brass jabbers which occupied upper lofts in the same structure.

My wife did not reply. She was standing motionless, her lips apart and her breast heaving with some deep emotion.

"Stand right where you are, John," she whispered, "and look through into the further parlor or we don't like to say back). Do you catch the bloom on that Daghestan rug? Is it not beautiful in the soft light of that oriel window? A lovely intermingling of color, like the blending of many prayers as they rise to heaven!"

Her voice sank away and her hands clasped in ecstasy. I shuddered in unison and bent over my little daughter, concealing my gathering tears in the short waist of her Kate Greenaway gown. After a few minutes of silence my wife went on as if nothing had happened, as, indeed, nothing had.

"But about the shades, John," she said, and she led the way out of the square fireplaced hall up two flights of stairs into the third floor back.

"In shopping today I ran across a 'special sale' of shades, and got these two as an experiment. If they shed the proper light we'll order enough for the whole house, back and front, for they are really a wonderful bargain, and the color, I think, is just the faint, soft tint we want," and she unrolled one and held it up against the pane, watching critically, with head on one side, the light as it filtered through and fell upon the pine floor and yellow step-ladder that at the moment were the only furnishings of the place. I forgot to state that our house is modernized only two flights up.

The top floor retains its antebellum simplicity.

"Why, it's perfect!" said my wife, "the very coloring I have dreamed of," and I, being of a sympathetic nature, generally shared her enthusiasm, and buried all bluish-water tendencies deep in my own breast.

"I've got the fixtures and all complete," went on my wife, when we had worked off some of our rapture, "and I had the ladder brought up, thinking you would put them up so I could see how they look from the outside."

It occurred to me at the time that my wife would have to let herself down from the roof for that purpose, as the few square feet of soil which comprise our back lawn only produces an area to comfortably swing a cat in, and a position at its extreme limit would hardly get the angle of vision above the second floor. However, I did not say so. A man cannot be too careful about throwing cold water upon these little cherished schemes of his better half.

"I knew it all along," said Mrs. Elizabeth, getting up from the sofa and holding Jack's hand.

"You did!" roared her husband, more and more bewildered.

"But you did not, and I did not," said Ella Daryls, stepping in from the balcony, blushing and smiling. "It was only this morning that I knew it myself."

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"How's that?" I asked, striving to soften my link-chain brusqueness by throwing my overcoat gracefully over the antique oak hall settee, and hanging my hat with an easy air upon one of the brass jabbers which occupied upper lofts in the same structure.

My wife did not reply. She was standing motionless, her lips apart and her breast heaving with some deep emotion.

"Stand right where you are, John," she whispered, "and look through into the further parlor or we don't like to say back). Do you catch the bloom on that Daghestan rug? Is it not beautiful in the soft light of that oriel window? A lovely intermingling of color, like the blending of many prayers as they rise to heaven!"

Her voice sank away and her hands clasped in ecstasy. I

Substitute for a Short Hay Crop.

A correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* thinks that owing to the almost universal failure of grass seedling the present season, there will undoubtedly be a short hay crop in 1889. He says:

No time should be lost in devising means to meet this shortage, for steps can be taken before winter that will more effectively lead to this end than any that can be taken after the winter is gone.

The only thing that can be done is to grow some substitute, and the preparations for doing so should be made at once. These preparations should embrace a twofold object of growing a substitute for hay, and that this substitute shall favor the seedling of the ground to grass on which it shall be grown.

The only substitute that can be grown before winter is rye. Where this is done the ground should be prepared at the earliest possible moment. The conditions favorable to the growth of a crop of winter wheat are also favorable to the growth of rye. If sown in August the rye can be pastured this fall, in which case it would not be wise to seed with timothy until spring; but when sown in the ordinary time timothy should be sown with the rye at the rate of from four to six pounds to the acre, according to the richness or the poverty of the soil, as the catch of this is much more certain in autumn. Clover seed—a mixture of the small red, alsike, and large red is best for average purposes—may be sown in the spring at the rate of from five to eight pounds to the acre. The rye can either be cut for hay or for the grain, as may be thought best. When cut for hay the work may be done either by the mower or binder. In the latter case the sheaves must not be made too large, which will hinder the curing. Many have a strong prejudice to growing rye because of its tendency to grow again where the grain shells, in the next crop, but this is no serious objection where the farming is rightly done. The advantages of growing rye at this time are fourfold. It furnishes an excellent opportunity for sowing to grass, and thus recovering the lost area of meadow land; it will provide hay, if necessary, or grain, and will produce straw for the keeper of stock. For an exigency like the present it will be found a very useful crop, and in favorable localities we fail to see why it would not be an improvement to sow a good sprinkling of winter wheat along with it, which would enhance the value of the grain for feeding purposes.

The second supplement to the hay crop of 1889 that we propose is a mixture of oats and peas, sown thickly, not less than three bushels to the acre, and in about equal quantities, or, perhaps, what is better, allowing the oats to preponderate. These may be sown on ground that is not very clean, and at the first moment that it will do in the spring. Ground that is not very clean will answer, if good and strong, as the crop grows so thick that it tends to smother weeds, and is cut before they are quite ripe. This crop should be cut in, say, the first stages of ripening, and will then make an excellent substitute for hay, producing an enormous yield under favorable conditions. The land should be plowed this fall. Indeed, nearly all the land for spring crops should be plowed in the fall if we are to expect uniformly good crops. When this crop is reaped the land may be at once turned over for fall wheat, where the locality is suitable for growing this.

The third substitute is millet or Hungarian grass, which may be sown any time from the middle of May to June 20th. One principal objection to its growth is the liability of the seed to perish from drought when sown in June. This will always make it a hazardous crop, but it is an objection that does not apply to peas and oats sown early in the spring.

A fourth substitute is fodder, or, as it is sometimes called, ensilage corn, which may be sown in drills with an ordinary grain drill not less than three feet apart, and cultivated carefully, as corn sown for other purposes. The yield on well-manured loose land is enormous, and when cut in the glazed state of the grain makes in itself almost a complete all-round ration. Where properly tended it makes the ground as clean as a summer fallow. The crop may be bound in sheaves with rye straw or cord, and set up in stacks for autumn or winter use; or better still, cut and at once put into a silo where one has been constructed.

It is nothing short of a national calamity in any agricultural country when the catch of grass seed falls over a large area. It disarranges the whole system of farming, and renders a satisfactory rotation of crops impossible. The failure of no single crop is half so far-reaching in its consequences. An unusually large area should be sown to grass next year, indeed, must be sown, to restore the equilibrium. The most favorable grasses on which to sow are, of course, rye, wheat and barley. When the seed is not sown on wheat and rye this fall, a thorough harrowing with Thom's smoothing harrow, or one made on similar principles, when the grass is sown in the spring, will add much to the certainty of a catch.

Wealth in Onions.

The great onion producing belt of this State at present is a tract of 700 or 800 acres, known as the Chester Meadows. This tract lies on either side of the Erie Railroad track, between Greycourt and Chester. When the railroad was built through that part of Orange County, the tract was a swampy waste, into which thousands of tons of earth and stone had to be dumped, and two miles of piling driven, before a foundation for a road bed could be made. That wide stretch of decaying and malarious vegetable matter was an eyesore to the surroundings, which are the flower of Orange County's fragrant and fertile meadows. The owners of the vast waste regarded themselves as most unfortunate in its possession. It was not believed that it could ever be utilized in any way, and the payment of taxes on it was considered a waste of money. About thirty years ago, a farmer named Wm. Conkling, who owned a large portion of the tract, drained a spot in one corner of it, and was rewarded with a plot of the richest kind of soil. By way of experiment, he seeded it to onions, and gathered a most unusual crop. This led to the gradual drainage of the entire swamp, and there is not now an acre on it that is not regarded cheap at \$600. As much as \$1,000 an acre has repeatedly been paid for

the reclaimed marsh, and more frequently offers of that price have been refused. From 150,000 to 200,000 bushels of onions are raised annually on the Chester meadows.—N. Y. Herald.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the *Michigan Farmer* to all regular subscribers free. The full name and address will be necessary that we may identify them as subscribers. The symptoms should be accurately described to insure correct treatment. No questions answered professionally by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, No. 201 First St., Detroit, Mich.

Hip Lameness.

CLARENCE, July 9, 1888.
Veterinary Editor of the *Michigan Farmer*.

I have a sucking colt, that was hurt by falling out of a bank barn door, nine feet to the ground, striking on his left hip. We never could find any bones broken, or out of place though examined by M. D.; but his leg in a sling was useless—limp as a rag, and now when he begins to hobble about, it is useless or nearly so. He touches his toe to the ground, but the leg gives way under him, swings round. He cannot bring it forward, or bear much weight on it. Can you tell us what is the difficulty? The trouble seems to be in the hip. Can anything be done for him to strengthen his leg and set him square on his pins? He is a valuable colt, and we hate to give him up. Please answer in the *FARMER* and oblige.

A Subscriber.

Answer.—The symptoms as described indicate severe injury to the upper portion of the leg or hip. The pathological condition, the most important, is not indicated. If the injury involves the bony structure it is more serious than if confined to the muscular. Under the circumstances we would advise you to call a competent veterinary surgeon to examine the animal, or have the doctor who examined it give us his opinion with reference to the injury, and the parts anatomically involved. If the bones of the hip joint at its articulation are involved, there is little chance of perfect restoration; but if the muscular parts only are affected, there is a probability of restoring the animal to usefulness. Sinus, in such cases, do more harm than good. Let the animal have its freedom and like a dog it will take care of the injured leg. Bathe the leg well twice a day with Eucalypti Liniment. If your druggist does not keep it use the following: Oil turpentine, saturated with gum camphor, eight ounces; tincture of opium, eight ounces. Mix both together and apply with hand friction, twice a day.

Splints on Colt.

TECHESTER, July 21, 1888.
Veterinary Editor of the *Michigan Farmer*.

I have a yearling colt that has never been in any way that I know of, but in the last two months has developed two splints—small enlargements of the bone, just below the knee on the inside, about the size of small hickory nuts. Some horsemen tell me that they will likely disappear in one or two years. What is your opinion and remedy?

H. B.

Answer.—As described, the splints, unless they cause lameness, require no treatment. Usually they disappear if left alone, which is best unless they interfere with the action of the knee joint. The treatment in such cases is the application of a fly or mercurial blister.

Discovering Blindness by Watching the Ears.

A correspondent of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, of London, Eng., tells in a recent letter how he discovered a horse to be blind which had been offered him by its owner for purchase. He said: "When buying a great many horses in Bombay for the government two very curious cases came to my notice, one of which was this: I had bought over twenty horses one day. I used to sit at a table in the yard and horses were brought to me one at a time. If I liked its looks I got up and looked it over as to soundness and took or rejected the animal. I must mention that these were Arab, Persian and Gulf horses. One was brought to me that day, such a handsome caste Arab (an Onaiza breed) looking like a first-class Leicestershire hunter, that I thought I would not even examine him. However, I had him walked down the yard about sixty yards. The moment he was turned I observed his ears, and as he came toward me I said to myself, 'he's a blind one.' When he got up to me I saw he had unusually large, full and prominent eyes; but on looking closely at them I found he had been born without pupils to his eyes. So I said in Hindoostanee to the Arab dealer, his owner, 'Why, he is blind!' He put up both hands in the usual way and said, 'Yes, sahib, he is.' I don't know if all or many of your readers can see that a horse is blind by looking at its ears, but the sign is unmistakable. No veterinary surgeon that I have asked has seen such a case as the above, although they have read of cases."

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, July 27, 1888.

WHEAT.—Market quiet and unchanged.

The export demand at present is only fair, and stocks west are quite large. Quotations on car lots are as follows:

Michigan roller process	4 30	4 25
Minnesota, bakers	4 20	4 15
Minnesota, patents	4 15	4 10
Minnesota, patents	4 10	4 05
Low grades	3 45	3 40

WHEAT.—The week closes with a firm tone to the market and a fair amount of activity in the trade. No. 1 white has declined during the week, while other grades have held steady. Considerable new wheat is arriving from the southwest. Sales for future delivery are of the new crop. Chicago was steady yesterday and higher than the previous day. Closing quotations in this market yesterday were as follows for old: No. 1 white, 85¢; No. 2 red, 80¢; No. 3 red, 75¢. New: No. 1 white, 85¢; No. 2 red, 80¢; No. 3 red, 75¢. In futures No. 2 for July delivery sold at 84¢, and August at 84¢. No. 1 white for August sold at 84¢, September at 84¢, and December at 84¢.

CORN.—Again lower. No. 2 spot quoted at 46¢, and for December delivery at 39¢.

OATS.—Quiet. No. 2 white quoted at 37¢, and No. 2 mixed at 35¢ per bu.

FRUIT.—Bran quoted at 12 1/2¢ per ton, and middlings at 12 1/2¢.

CLOVER SEED.—Prime for October delivery

quoted at \$4 10 per bu.

RYE.—Quoted at 60¢ per bu. for No. 3.

BUTTER.—Market dull except for choice.

Fancy lots dairy sometimes bring 17¢, choice 16 1/2¢, and fair 16 1/4¢ per lb. Creamery quiet at 16 1/4¢ per lb.

CHEESE.—Now quoted at 9 1/2¢ for full cream State, 9 1/4¢ for New York, and 8 1/2¢ for Ohio. Skims quoted at 8 1/2¢. These are jobbing prices. From first hands prices are 10¢ lower.

EGGS.—The market is steady at 15 1/2¢ for fresh receipts. Demand fair and receipts increasing.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Lemons, Messina, 50¢ box; oranges, Messina, \$6 50 per 200 lb. box; cocoanuts, 100, \$3 75 per 25; bananas, yellow, bunch, \$1 25 per 25. Figs, 11¢ per 100 for layers, 14¢ for fancy.

BEEF.—Steady at 28 1/2¢ per lb., as to quality. Supply good.

HONEY.—Market dull; now quoted at 16 1/2¢ for choice comb and 16 1/4¢ for extracted.

MAPLE SUGAR.—Good stock is quoted at 16 1/2¢ per lb. for Michigan and 11 1/2¢ for Ohio. Market dull.

MAPLE SYRUP.—Quoted at \$1 15 per gallon for Vermont.

DRIED APPLES.—Quoted at 70 1/2¢ for evaporated, and 65¢ for sun dried.

SALT.—Michigan, 80¢ per bbl. in car lots, or 85¢ in 10-bbl. lots; dairy, \$1 80 per 20 bbl.; Ashton quarter sacks, 72¢.

BALED HAY AND STRAW.—Market firm. Timothy quoted at \$14 1/2 for No. 1 and \$12 for No. 2; mixed, \$9 25 per ton. Clover, \$11 1/2. Straw, 7¢. These prices are for car lots on truck.

BRANS.—Nothing doing. Quoted at \$4 45 per 50 lb. for city picked.

POTATOES.—New southern are selling at \$3 25 per bbl. Receipts increasing.

ONIONS.—The market is quiet and steady at \$3 25 per 50 lb. bbl., and \$1 20 per 25 lb. bbl.

HIDES.—Green city, 4 1/4¢ per lb. country, 4 1/2¢; cured, 5¢; green calf, 4 1/2¢; salted, 4 1/2¢; sheepskins, 50¢ per 125 each; bulls, stag and grubby hides 4¢.

APPLES.—Quoted at \$3 50 per bbl., and \$2 50 for 1/2-bu. boxes. Trade dull.

PRACHES.—Michigan fruit is now in market but the inquiry is chiefly for southern.

For white, at \$1 75 per 4-bbl. basket crate for former, and \$2 25 per crate, and \$2 25 per crate for yellow. The latter \$2 25 per bu. box and \$1 00 per crate.

PLUMS.—Quoted at \$2 25 per stand or \$2 25 per 24 quart case for Wild Goose, the only kind in market.

RASPBERRIES.—Cases of 1-bu. quoted at \$2 75 per black and \$3 50 for red. Cases of 12 quart cases at \$1 20 per 12, and 16 quart cases of black at \$1 20 per 16.

GOOSEBERRIES.—Quoted at \$2 50 per 2-bu. stand. The season is about over.

HICKLEBERRIES.—In better supply, and quoted at \$2 75 per 50 lb. bu. Some of the receipts are in bad shape, hence the difference in price.

POULTRY.—Live quoted as follows: Chickens, 9¢ per lb.; roosters, 5¢; turkeys, 10¢; ducks, 7¢; spring chickens, 12 1/2¢ per lb. Per pair, pigeons, 25¢. The market is steady at quotations.

EARLY VEGETABLES.—Dealers are selling at the following range of prices: Tomatoes, 20¢ to 25¢ per bu. box. Cucumbers, 20¢ to 25¢ per bu. box. Radishes, 25¢ per bu. box. Onions, 20¢ per bu. box. String beans, 75¢ per bu. box. Wax beans, 50¢ per bu. box. Cabbages, \$1 25 per bbl. Green peas, 35¢ per bu. Celery, 30¢ per bu. bunches. Corn, 12 1/2¢ per bu.

WATERMELONS.—Quoted at \$2 25 per 100. Demand only fair.

CHERRIES.—Bour quoted at \$3 25 per 50 lb. bu.; very few in market.

CURRIANTS.—Offered at \$1 75 per bu. for either red or white. Supply good.

PROVISIONS.—Barrelled pork, bacon and shoulders are higher; no other changes. Quotations here are as follows:

Meat, now	14 70	15 00
Family	16 00	16 25
Short ribs	16 50	16 75
Lard in tierces	8 00	8 25
Lard in kegs	8 00	8 25
Hams	12 00	12 25
Shoulders	8 00	8 25
Extra meat beef, new	10 00	10 25
Extra meat beef, old	9 75	10 00
Tallow	8 00	8 25

HAY.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the week up to Friday noon, with price per ton:

Monday—20 loads: Seven at \$11; four at \$9; three at \$10; two at \$12 and \$10 50; one at \$13 and \$9 50.

Tuesday—30 loads: Six at \$12; five at \$11; three at \$12 50 and \$10; two at \$11 and \$10 50; one at \$13, \$17 and \$9.

Wednesday—19 loads: Five at \$12; four at \$11; three at \$12 50; two at \$13; one at \$10 50.

Thursday—4 loads: Three at \$11; two at \$12 and \$10 50.

Friday—11 loads: Four at \$10; three at \$11; two at \$12 and \$10 50.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Friday, July 27, 1888.

All the live stock received at these yards this week were consigned to local dealers, or billed through to Buffalo, excepting one load of hogs that averaged 167 lbs and sold at \$6 30 per hundred.

King's Yards.

Friday, July 27, 1888.

CATTLE.—The market opened up at these yards with 75 head of cattle on sale, of which five loads were westerns. The supply of good live cattle was light, and the westerns with the half fattened natives made up the bulk of the offering. Anything that could be classed as fair butchers' stock sold fully up to last week's prices, but the common cattle were weak but not notably lower. The following were the closing quotations:

Fancy steers weighing 1,500 to 1,600	5 00	5 25
Extra grades steers weighing 1,200 to 1,400	4 50	4 75
Choice steers, fine, fat and well formed	4 50	4 75
Good steers, well fattened, weighing 1,000 to 1,200	4 50	4 75
Good mixed butchers' stock—Fat cows, heifers and light steers	3 50	3 75
Cows mixed butchers' stock—Fat thin cows, heifers, stags and bulls	2 50	2 75
Bulls	2 50	2 75
Allen sold Knox's good butchers' steers at \$2 50		
Hogan sold Caplin's mixed lot of 8 head of thin butchers' stock at \$2 75		
Richmond sold Fleischman's mixed lot of 4 head of fair butchers' stock at \$2 50		
Sullivan & F sold McGee's 29 mixed westerns at \$2 40 and \$2 40 to Kofski at \$2 50		
Allen sold Switzer & Ackley's 6 steers at \$2 50		
Hill sold Ford & Beck's mixed lot of 16 head of good butchers' stock at \$2 50		
Allen sold 10 fair ones to Mason at \$2 50		
McCauley sold J. W. Ford's 7 fair butchers' steers and heifers at \$2 50		
McCauley sold Brooks's 25 feeders at \$2 50		
Hogan sold Switzer & Ackley's 5 fair butchers' steers at \$2 50		
Robb sold Kamm's mixed lot of 15 head of fair butchers' stock at \$2 50		
Allen sold 4 fair ones to Ford at \$2 50		
Gleason sold Reagan's mixed lot of 24 head of thin butchers' stock at \$2 50		
G. Spencer sold Burt Spencer's mixed lot of		

18 head of good butchers' stock at \$2 50

Cutter sold Denk's mixed lot of 9 head of thin butchers' stock at \$2 40

Scotfield sold H. Roe's mixed lot of 9 head of fair butchers' stock at \$2 40

Shepard sold Burt Spencer's 10 fair butchers' steers at \$2 50

Scotfield sold H. Roe's 10 fair butchers' steers at \$2 50

Brooks sold McGee's 24 mixed westerns at \$2 40

McCauley sold H. Roe's 10 fair butchers' steers at \$2 50

Scotfield sold H. Roe's 10 fair butchers' steers at \$2 50

Brooks sold McGee's 17 mixed westerns at \$2 40

McCauley sold H. Roe's 10 fair butchers' steers at \$2 50

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